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SONGS OF LIFE.

God sent his Singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;

Through groves he wandered, and by streams
Playing the music of our dreams.

Henry W. Longfellow

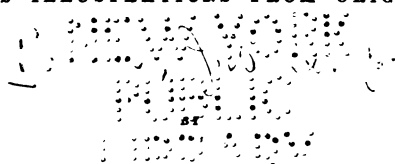
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Songs of Life

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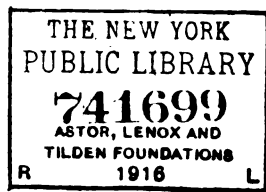


HENNESSY, DARLEY, GRISWOLD, FENN, EYTINGE, HERRICK,
WARD, HOPPIN, &c., &c.



NEW YORK:
CHARLES SCRIBNER & COMPANY.

1870.



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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

SOME years since the present publishers issued the first edition of **FOLK SONGS**, selected and edited by **JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER, M. D.** This was followed by a second, revised and enlarged. The size and consequent cost of these editions prevented that large circulation which the selection deserved, and now in accordance with a suggestion frequently made, they have rearranged the material in four divisions. The present volume, **SONGS OF LIFE**, is the first of the re-issue. The remainder will be published at regular intervals, under the title of **SONGS OF THE HEART**, **SONGS OF NATURE**, **SONGS OF HOME**. Each volume will be complete in itself, and, like the present, be enriched with additional illustrations by the best artists.

INTRODUCTION.

He who walks through a Conservatory of choicest flowers, with an accorded privilege of selecting specimens of such as strike his fancy and please his taste, will often find an added pleasure in the thought that those which he plucks, having already been a joy to their first possessors, are now to become ministers of delight, not only to himself, but to others whom he loves. Thus these products of many lands, of diverse form, of delicate hue, redolent of perfume, the ever-varying types of loveliness, maintain, independent of all place and individual possession, their power over the heart and life of those who love the beautiful and pure.

The Flowers of Poetry, herein gathered from the gardens and by the streams of our own land, as well as from lands and places beyond the sea, who shall attempt to write the story of their ministry? what affections they have stirred, what memories wakened, what hopes quickened, or fears quelled, or joys and pleasures created, since they came fresh and glowing from the heart and brain of those who made them? That which they have already done they will continue to do. They are the Flowers Perennial; fair to behold, without the elements of decay. Over seas and across continents, in quiet homes as in laboring ships, in public places as in solitary ways, they are ever borne, making some dreary spots less dreary, while the sunny places are more glad because of their presence.

Some of these here offered have long held a conspicuous place in the Garlands of Song. That they are familiar, will render them none the less fragrant and acceptable. Beside them are others less widely known, and a few from regions that are far away; but in all of them may be found that which makes them worthy of the praise that belongs to whatever rightly moves and cultures the heart of man.

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BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story ;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying:
 Blow, bugle! answer, echoes — dying, dying, dying!

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow, bugle! answer, echoes — dying, dying, dying!

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
 They faint on hill or field or river!
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
 And answer, echoes, answer! — dying, dying, dying!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SONG.

O ROSES for the flush of youth,
 And laurel for the perfect prime;
 But pluck an ivy branch for me
 Grown old before my time.

O violets for the grave of youth,
 And bay for those dead in their prime;
 Give me the withered leaves I chose
 Before in the old time.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE PIPER.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me :

“ Pipe a song about a lamb.”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“ Piper, pipe that song again.”
So I piped ; he wept to hear.

“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer.”
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“ Piper, sit thee down and write,
In a book, that all may read.”
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen ;
And I stained the water clear ;
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE

THE AWAKENING OF ENDYMION

LONE upon a mountain, the pine-trees wailing round him,
Lone upon a mountain the Grecian youth is laid;
Sleep, mystic sleep, for many a year has bound him,
Yet his beauty, like a statue's, pale and fair, is undecayed.
When will he awaken?

When will he awaken? a loud voice hath been crying
Night after night—and the cry has been in vain;
Winds, woods, and waves found echoes for replying,
But the tones of the beloved one were never heard again.
When will he awaken?
Asked the midnight's silver queen.

Never mortal eye has looked upon his sleeping;
Parents, kindred, comrades, have mourned for him as dead;
By day the gathered clouds have had him in their keeping,
And at night the solemn shadows round his rest are shed.
When will he awaken?

Long has been the cry of faithful Love's imploring;
Long has Hope been watching with soft eyes fixed above.
When will the Fates, the life of life restoring,
Own themselves vanquished by much-enduring Love?
When will he awaken?
Asks the midnight's weary queen.

Beautiful the sleep that she has watched untiring,
Lighted up with visions from yonder radiant sky,
Full of an immortal's glorious inspiring,
Softened by the woman's meek and loving sigh.
When will he awaken?

He has been dreaming of old heroic stories,
The Poet's passionate world has entered in his soul;
He has grown conscious of life's ancestral glories,
When sages and when kings first upheld the mind's control.
When will he awaken?
Asks the midnight's stately queen.

Lo, the appointed midnight! the present hour is fated!
It is Endymion's planet that rises on the air;
How long, how tenderly his goddess love has waited,
Waited with a love too mighty for despair!
Soon he will awaken.

Soft amid the pines is a sound as if of singing,
Tones that seem the lute's from the breathing flowers depart;
Not a wind that wanders o'er Mount Latmos but is bringing
Music that is murmured from Nature's inmost heart.
Soon he will awaken
To his and midnight's queen.

Lovely is the green earth—she knows the hour is holy;
Starry are the heavens, lit with eternal joy;
Light like their own is dawning sweet and slowly
O'er the fair and sculptured forehead of that yet dreaming boy.
Soon he will awaken.

Red as the red rose toward the morning turning,
Warms the youth's lip to the watcher's near his own ;
While the dark eyes open—bright, intense, and burning
With a life more glorious than, ere they closed, was known.
Yes, he has awakened
For the midnight's happy queen !

What is this old history, but a lesson given,
How true love still conquers by the deep strength of truth ;
How all the impulses, whose native home is heaven,
Sanctify the visions of hope, and faith, and youth ?
'Tis for such they waken.

When every worldly thought is utterly forsaken,
Comes the starry midnight, felt by life's gifted few ;
Then will the spirit from its earthly sleep awaken
To a being more intense, more spiritual, and true.
So doth the soul awaken,
Like that youth to night's fair queen !

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE'S a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot :
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot ;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs ;
And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings :

Rattle his bones over the stones !

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns !

O, where are the mourners ? Alas ! there are none :
He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone —
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man ;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can.

Rattle his bones over the stones !

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns !

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din !
The whip, how it cracks ! and the wheels, how they spin !
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled !
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world.

Rattle his bones over the stones !

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns !

Poor pauper defunct ! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach.
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last ;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast.

Rattle his bones over the stones !

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns !

You bumpkins, who stare at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go.

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!

Bear soft his bones over the stones!

Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!

THOMAS NOEL

WINIFREDA.

AWAY! let naught to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let naught delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy, Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

ANONYMOUS



INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

I.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon.
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day :

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind:
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

II.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans,
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall,"
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

III.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect,
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through,)
You looked twice, ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

IV.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon,

To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed: his plans
Soared up again like fire.

v.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.



DEADNESS IN THE COUNTRY.

OH, no, 'twas lifeless here, he said,
To him the place seemed almost dead,
Stone-dead, he said, but why so dead,
On lands with chirping birds on wing,
And rooks on high, with blackbirds nigh,
And swallows wheeling round in ring,
And fish to swim, where waters roam,
By bridge and rock to fall in foam.

WILLIAM BARNES.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty ;
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful below, he did his duty ;
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare ;
His friends were many and true-hearted ;
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft !
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed ;
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

I.A BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

I.

O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms :
Alone, and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

II.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms !
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest done.

III.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew ;
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

IV.

I met a lady in the mead,
Full beautiful, a fairy's child ;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

v.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

vi.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long :
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy song.

vii.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew ;
And sure in language strange she said,
“ I love thee true.”

viii.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sighed full sore ;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

ix.

And there she lulled me asleep ;
And there I dreamed— Ah ! woe betide !
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill-side.

X.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors—death-pale were they all;
They cried, “La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!”

XI.

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide;
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill-side.

XII.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

JOHN KEATS.

THE STRING TOKEN.

“If I am gone on, you will find a small string”—
Were her words—“on this twig of the oak by the spring.”
Oh! gay are the new-leaved trees in the spring,
Down under the height, where the skylark may sing;
And welcome in summer are tree-leaves that meet
On wide-spreading limbs, for a screen from the heat;
And fair in the fall-tide may flutter the few
Yellow leaves of the trees that the sky may shine through.
But welcomer far than the leaves, is the string
On the twig of the oak by the spring.

WILLIAM BARNES.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care !
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing !

Touch her not scornfully !
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her :
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful ;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family,
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammyly.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses,
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed;
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged!

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver ;
But not the dark arch,
Nor the black flowing river ;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled —
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,
Over the brink of it !
Picture it — think of it,
Dissolute man !
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care !
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them ;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity
Burning insanity
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.





THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door ;
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn ;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
“ They are gone.”

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom ;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,
(Poor old lady ! she is dead
Long ago,)
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff ;

TO ALTHEA—FROM PRISON.

And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches—and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TO ALTHEA—FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,

The birds, that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes, that tinkle in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnet, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain :
But when youth, the dream, departs.
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign ;
Still, we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain :
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD



THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho ! pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win ;
This is the way that boys begin :
Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains ;
Billing and cooing is all your cheer ;
Sighing, and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybell's window panes :
Wait till you come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass ;
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear ;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round ! I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gray :
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome, ere
Ever a month was past away ?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead ! God rest her bier :
How I loved her twenty years syne !
Marian's married ! but I sit here,
Alone and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding like a bee!
Both were mine ; Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young.

When I was young ! Ah, woful *When* !
Ah, for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
This breathing house, not built with hands,
This body, that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along !
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide.
Naught cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
O the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old !

THE LORELEI.

I know not what it presages,
This heart with sadness fraught :
'Tis a tale of the olden ages,
That will not from my thought.

The air grows cool, and darkles ;
The Rhine flows calmly on ;
The mountain summit sparkles
In the light of the setting sun.

There sits, in soft reclining,
A maiden wondrous fair,
With golden raiment shining,
And combing her golden hair.

With a comb of gold she combs it ;
And combing, low singeth she
A song of a strange, sweet sadness,
A wonderful melody.

The sailor shudders, as o'er him
The strain comes floating by ;
He sees not the cliffs before him,
He only looks on high.

Ah! round him the dark waves, flinging
Their arms, draw him slowly down;
And this, with her wild, sweet singing,
The Lorelei has done.

HEINRICH HEINE. (German.)

Translation of CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.



WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

My coachman, in the moonlight there,
Looks through the side-light of the door:
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me to the supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm,
'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load,
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiet of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smiles he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble — watery, thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's-chains and dance,
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

O, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet!—past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine:
“O where will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship o’ mine?”

O up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailer
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem!
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his e'e.

"O! wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time o' the year,
To sail upon the sea?"

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship maun sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway.
'Tis we maun fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say:

“Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd,
And a' our queenis fee.”
“Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

“For I hae brought as mickle white monie
As gane my men and me;
And I hae brought a half-fou o' gude red gowd
Out owre the sea wi' me.

“Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn.”
“Now, ever alake! my master dear;
I fear a deadly storm!

“I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam owre the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor
To tak my helm in hand,
Till I gae up to the tall topmast,
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak the helm in hand,
Till you gae up to the tall topmast;
But I fear ye'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
And the saut sea it cam in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And letna the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And they wapped them into that gude ship's side;
But still the sea cam in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords,
To weet their milk-white hands!
But lang or a' the play was played
They wat their gowden bands.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves;
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans in their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves;
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour
'Tis fifty fathom deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

ANONYMOUS.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know forever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—angels, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air:
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT.



THE MERRY CHASSEUR

O, a gallant sans-peur
Is the merry chasseur,
With his fanfaron horn, and his rifle, ping-pang !
And his grand haversack
Of gold on his back :

His pistol, cric-crac !
And his sword, cling-clang !

O, to see him blithe and gay
From some hot and bloody day,
Come to dance the night away till the bugle blows "au rang !"
With a wheel and a whirl,
And a wheeling waltzing girl,
And his bow, "place aux dames !" and his oath, "feu et sang !"
And his hop and his fling,
Till his gold and silver ring
To the clatter and the clash of his sword, cling-clang !

But hark !
Through the dark
Up goes the well-known shout !
The drums beat the turn-out !
Cut short your courting, Monsieur l'Amant !
Saddle ! mount ! march ! trot !
Down comes the storm of shot !
The foe is at the charge ! En avant !
His jolly haversack
Of gold is on his back ;
Hear his pistol, cric-crac ! hear his rifle, ping-pang !

Vive l'Empereur !
And where's the chasseur ?

He's in
Among the din,
Steel to steel — cling-clang !

SYDNEY DOBELL.

With fingers weary & worn
With eyelids heavy & red
A woman sate in unwomanly rags
= Plying her needle & thread -

Stitch, stitch, stitch
In poverty, hunger, & dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
Told that its tone could reach the Rich
She sang this song of the Shirk!

=
Thos. Hood



THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread :
Stitch, stitch, stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt :

And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work, work, work!

While the cock is crowing aloof;
And work, work, work!
Till the stars shine through the roof.
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work, work, work,

Till the brain begins to swim!
Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam;
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!

O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of Death,
That phantom of grisly bone?

I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own ;
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep ;
O God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

“ Work, work, work !
My labor never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags.
That shattered roof — and this naked floor,
A table — a broken chair ;
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there !

“ Work, work, work,
From weary chime to chime !
Work, work, work,
As prisoners work for crime !
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band ;
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

“ Work, work, work,
In the dull December light !
And work, work, work,
When the weather is warm and bright !
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

“O! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal

“O! but for one short hour,
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the rich!
She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

THOMAS HOOD.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE,

AT BALAKLAVA.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred ;
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered.
“ Forward, the Light Brigade !
Take the guns ! ” Nolan said ;
Into the valley of Death,
Rode the Six Hundred.

“ Forward, the Light Brigade ! ”
No man was there dismayed,
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered :
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die ;
Into the valley of Death,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well:
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
 Rode the Six Hundred.



Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air.

Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desperate stroke
The Russian line they broke ·
Then they rode back — but not,
Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O! the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND

Into the Silent Land!

Ah! who shall lead us thither?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand;
Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, O thither!

Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!

To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection, tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls, the Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms

Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!

For all the broken-hearted,
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS. (German.)

Translation of HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

THE wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies,
And love to hear them told;
Doubt not that Solomon
Listened to many a one:
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among
The choir of Wisdom's song,
But pretty lies loved I
As much as any king:
When youth was on the wing,
And (must it then be told?) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot,
When one pert lady said
"O Landor! I am quite
Bewildered with affright:
I see (sit quiet now!) a white hair on your head!"

Another, more benign,
Drew out that hair of mine,
And in her own dark hair

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

Pretended she had found
That one, and twirled it round:
Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget mine own?

Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of best,
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo;
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair.
If she love me, this believe:
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn, and let her go;
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be?

GEORGE WITHER

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

IN their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
 Yielding not,
While the grenadiers were lunging,

And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the Isles,
From the smoky night-encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn;
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn !

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires ;
While the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly,
Blazed the fires ;
As the roar
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain ;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain !

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers ;
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rang a fierce, discordant metre
Round our ears.
As the swift
Storm-drift,

With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks ;
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks !



Then the bareheaded Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud ;
And his broadsword was swinging,

And his brazen throat was ringing,
Trumpet-loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets reddened at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath ;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-póunder,
Hurling death !

GUY HUMPHREY McMASTER.



NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR

I LOVE contemplating, apart
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds, to Britain half-way over,
With envy—*they* could reach the white,
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer.
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning — dreaming — doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating ;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious ; lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat,
By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched ; such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder :
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled ;
No sail — no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
And, thus equipped, he would have passed
The foaming billows.

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering ;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
 Serene alike in peace and danger ;
 And, in his wonted attitude,
 Addressed the stranger :

“ Rash man, that would’st yon channel pass
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned !
 Thy heart with some sweet British lass
 Must be impassioned.”

“ I have no sweetheart,” said the lad ;
 “ But, absent long from one another,
 Great was the longing that I had
 To see my mother.”

“ And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said :
 “ Ye’ve both my favor fairly won ;
 A noble mother must have bred
 So brave a son.”

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
 And, with a flag of truce, commanded
 He should be shipped to England Old,
 And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
 To find a dinner, plain and hearty ;
 But never changed the coin and gift
 Of Bonaparté.

THOMAS CAMPBELL



THE

Come, see the
The bellows
brow

The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round ;
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare,
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.
The windlass strains the tackle-chains — the black mould heaves below ;
And, red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every throe.
It rises, roars, rends all outright — O, Vulcan ! what a glow !
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright — the high sun shines not so !
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful show !
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe !
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow
Sinks on the anvil — all about, the faces fiery grow.

“ Hurrah ! ” they shout, “ leap out, leap out ! ” bang, bang ! the
sledges go ;

Hurrah ! the jettèd lightnings are hissing high and low ;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow ;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail ; the rattling cinders strow
The ground around ; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow :
And, thick and loud, the swinking crowd at every stroke pant
“ ho ! ”

Leap out, leap out, my masters ! leap out, and lay on load !
Let's forge a goodly anchor — a bower thick and broad ;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode ;
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road :
The low reef roaring on her lee ; the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea ; the mainmast by the board ;
The bulwarks down ; the rudder gone ; the boats stove at the chains ;
But courage still, brave mariners — the bower yet remains !
And not an inch to flinch he deigns — save when ye pitch sky high ;
Then moves his head, as though he said, “ Fear nothing — here
am I ! ”

Swing in your strokes in order! let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime.
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be,
The anchor is the anvil-king, and royal craftsmen we!
Strike in, strike in!—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;
Our hammers ring with sharper din—our work will soon be sped:
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here
For the yeo-heave-o, and the heave-away, and the sighing seamen's
cheer,
When, weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard! if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary monster's palaces!—Methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plumb-plunging down, amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging
tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed miles,
Till, snorting like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals

Of his back-browsing ocean-calves ; or, haply, in a cove
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens ; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep ! whose sports can equal thine ?
The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable line ;
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white the giant game to play.
But, shamer of our little sports, forgive the name I gave :
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.
O lodger in the sea-kings' halls ! couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side—or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend !
O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round
 thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride—thou'dst leap within the
 sea !

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand
To shed their blood so freely for the love of fatherland,
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave !
O, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory whose bones he goes among !

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jackboots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into his Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends looking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine;
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine
Which (the burghers voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

Robert Browning.



SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he :
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all
three ;

“ Good speed ! ” cried the watch as the
gate-bolts undrew ;

“ Speed ! ” echoed the wall to us galloping
through.

Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to
rest,

And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ! we kept the great pace,
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place .
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit ;
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas a moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom a great vellow star came out to see :

At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime:
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black, every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, its own master, askance;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely—the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Ncath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff:
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop!" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan,
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good;
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.



NO MORE.

No more! a harp-string's deep and breaking tone,
A last low summer breeze, a far-off swell,
A dying echo of rich music gone,
Breathe through those words, those murmurs of farewell:
No More!

To dwell in peace, with home-affections bound,
To know the sweetness of a mother's voice,
To feel the spirit of her love around,
And in the blessing of her eye rejoice,
No more!

A dirge-like sound! — to greet the early friend
Unto the hearth, his place of many days;
In the glad song with kindred lips to blend,
Or join the household laughter by the blaze,
No more!

Through woods that shadowed our first years to rove,
With all our native music in the air;
To watch the sunset with the eyes we love,
And turn and read our own heart's answer there,
No more!

Words of despair! yet Earth's, all Earth's, the woe
Their passion breathes, the desolately deep!
That sound in Heaven—O! image then the flow
Of gladness in its tones—to part, to weep,
No more!

To watch, in dying hope, affection's wane,
To see the beautiful from life depart,
To wear impatiently a secret chain,
To waste the untold riches of the heart,
No more!

Through long, long years to seek, to strive, to yearn
For human love, and never quench that thirst;
To pour the soul out, winning no return,
O'er fragile idols, by delusion nursed,
No more!

On things that fail us, reed by reed, to lean;
To mourn the changed, the far away, the dead;
To send our troubled spirits through the unseen,
Intensely questioning for treasures fled,
No more!

Words of triumphant music! Bear we on
The weight of life, the chain, the ungenial air:
Their deathless meaning, when our tasks are done,
To learn in joy—to struggle, to despair,
No more!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

KÖRNER'S SWORD SONG,

COMPLETED ONE HOUR BEFORE HE FELL ON THE BATTLE-FIELD,
AUG. 26, 1813.



WORD at my left side gleaming!
Why is thy keen glance, beaming,
So fondly bent on mine?
I love that smile of thine!

Hurrah!

“Borne by a trooper daring,
My looks his fire-glance wearing,
I arm a freeman's hand:
This well delights thy brand!

Hurrah!”

Ay, good sword, free I wear thee;
And, true heart's love, I bear thee,
Betrothed one, at my side,
As my dear, chosen bride!

Hurrah!

“To thee till death united,
Thy steel's bright life is plighted;
Ah, were my love but tried!
When wilt thou wed thy bride?
Hurrah!”

The trumpet's festal warning
Shall hail our bridal morning ;
 When loud the cannon chide,
 Then clasp I my loved bride !
 Hurrah !

“ O joy, when thine arms hold me !
I pine until they fold me.
 Come to me ! bridegroom, come !
 Thine is my maiden bloom.
 Hurrah ! ”

Why, in thy sheath upspringing,
Thou wild, dear steel, art ringing ?
 Why clanging with delight,
 So eager for the fight ?
 Hurrah !

“ Well may thy scabbard rattle :
Trooper, I pant for battle ;
 Right eager for the fight,
 I clang with wild delight.
 Hurrah ! ”

Why thus, my love, forth creeping ?
Stay in thy chamber, sleeping ;
 Wait still, in the narrow room :
 Soon for my bride I come.
 Hurrah !

“Keep me not longer pining!
O for Love's garden, shining
 With roses bleeding red,
 And blooming with the dead!
 Hurrah!”

Come from thy sheath, then, treasure!
Thou trooper's true eye-pleasure!
 Come forth, my good sword, come!
 Enter thy father-home!
 Hurrah!

“Ha! in the free air glancing,
How brave this bridal dancing!
 How, in the sun's glad beams,
 Bride-like, thy bright steel gleams!
 Hurrah!”

Come on, ye German horsemen!
Come on, ye valiant Norsemen!
 Swells not your hearts' warm tide?
 Clasp each in hand his bride!
 Hurrah!

Once at your left side sleeping,
Scarce her veiled glance forth peeping;
 Now, wedded with your right,
 God plights your bride in the light.
 Hurrah!

Then press with warm caresses,
 Close lips and bridal kisses,
 Your steel ; — cursed be his head
 Who fails the bride he wed !
 Hurrah !

Now, till your swords flash, flinging
 Clear sparks forth, wave them singing.
 Day dawns for bridal pride ;
 Hurrah, thou iron bride !
 Hurrah !

KARL THEODOR KÖRNER. (German.)

Translation of WILLIAM B. CHORLEY.





LITTLE AND GREAT.

A TRAVELLER, through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea ;

And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe his early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink:
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old—and yet 'twas new:
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became

A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great ;
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last !

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE RIVER TIME.

O! a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers, like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of the isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow;
They are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!
There are trinkets, and tresses of hair.

GIVE ME THE OLD.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
 And a part of an infant's prayer ;
 There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings ;
 There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
 And the garments that She used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
 By the mirage is lifted in air ;
 And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
 Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
 When the wind down the river is fair.

O ! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
 All the day of our life till night ;
 When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
 And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
 May that " Greenwood " of Soul be in sight !

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR.



GIVE ME THE OLD

OLD WINE TO DRINK, OLD WOOD TO BURN, OLD BOOKS TO READ, AND OLD
 FRIENDS TO CONVERSE WITH.

I.

Old wine to drink !
 Ay, give the slippery juice
 That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
 Within the tun :

Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun !
Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water !
These make the long night shorter ;
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

II.

Old wood to burn !
Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech.
And ravens croak ;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet ;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern ;
The knotted oak,
A fagot too, perhap,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking ;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

III.

Old books to read !
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,
Time-honored tomes !
The same my sire scanned before,

GIVE ME THE OLD.

The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,
 The same his sire from college bore :
 The well-earned meed
 Of Oxford's domes.
 Old HOMER blind,
 Old HORACE, rake ANACREON, by
 Old TULLY, PLAUTUS, TERENCE lie ;
 Mort ARTHUR's olden minstrelsie,
 Quaint BURTON, quainter SPENSER, ay !
 And GERVASE MARKHAM's venerie ;
 Nor leave behind
 The Holye Book by which we live and die.

IV.

Old friends to talk !
 Ay, bring those chosen few,
 The wise, the courtly, and the true,
 So rarely found :
 Him for my wine, him for my stud,
 Him for my easel, distich, bud
 In mountain walk !
 Bring WALTER good,
 With soulful FRED, and learned WILL ;
 And thee, my *alter ego*, (dearer still
 For every mood.)

ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER.

REST AND LABOR

“Two hands upon the breast,
And labor’s done ;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,
The race is won ;
Two eyes with coin weights shut,
And all tears cease ;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace !”
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot ;
God in his kindness answereth not.

“Two hands to work address,
Aye for His praise ;
Two feet that never rest,
Walking His ways ;
Two eyes that look above,
Through all their tears ;
Two lips still breathing love,
Not wrath, nor fears !”
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees ,
Pardon those erring prayers ! Father, hear these !

DINAH MARIA MULOCH.

HE STANDETH AT THE DOOR AND KNOCKETH.

IN the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom door !
How it knocketh — knocketh — knocketh,
Knocketh evermore !
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating :
'Tis thy heart of sin ;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth
“ Rise, and let me in ! ”

Death comes on with reckless footsteps,
To the hall and hut :
Think you Death will tarry, knocking,
Where the door is shut ?
Jesus waiteth — waiteth — waiteth,
But the door is fast ;
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth ;
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in :
At the gate of Heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay !—alas, thou guilty creature !
Hast thou, then, forgot ?
Jesus waited long to know thee ;
Now he knows thee not.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE



GULF-WEED.

A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,
Drearily drenched in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
Lashed along without will of mine ;
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea,
Flung on the foam afar and anear,
Mark my manifold mystery :
Growth and grace in their place appear.

EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

I bear round berries, gray and red,
Rootless and rover though I be ;
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,
Arboresce as a trunkless tree ;
Corals curious coat me o'er,
White and hard in apt array ;
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,
Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming for evermore,
Like this weary weed of the sea ;
Bear they yet on each beating breast
The eternal type of the wondrous whole :
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
Grace informing with silent soul.

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.



EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed
Compose thy weary limbs to rest ;
For they alone are blest
With balmy sleep
Whom angels keep ;
Nor, though by care oppressed,
Or anxious sorrow,

Or thought in many a coil perplexed
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eye shall close,
That earthly cares and woes
To thee may e'er return?
Arouse, my soul!
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly;
So shall thine eyes discern
Things pure and sightly;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
That calls for holy prayer?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow?
And art thou sure to-morrow
Will be like this, and more
Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,
And still make plans for more?
Thou fool! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep,

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

And when storms sweep
 The wintry, lowering sky,
 For whom thou wak'st and weepest?
 O, when thy pangs are deepest,
 Seek then the covenant ark of prayer!
 For He that slumbereth not is there:
 His ear is open to thy cry.
 O, then, on prayerless bed
 Lay not thy thoughtless head!

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber!
 Till in communion blest
 With the elect ye rest,
 Those souls of countless number;
 And with them raise
 The note of praise,
 Reaching from Earth to Heaven:
 Chosen, redeemed, forgiven!
 So lay thy happy head,
 Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

MARGARET MERCER

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
 Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains!
 It seems a story from the world of spirits
 When any man obtains that which he merits,
 Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend! renounce this idle strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain?
Or heap of corpses which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures — love, and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night:
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

SUNG BY THE VIRGINS.

O THOU, the wonder of all dayes!
O paragon, and pearl of praise!
O virgin-martyr, ever blest
Above the rest
Of all the maiden traine! We come,
And bring fresh strewings to thy tombe.

Thus, thus, and thus, we compass round
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted ground!
And as we sing thy dirge, we will
The daffodill,
And other flowers, lay upon
The altar of our love, thy stone.

DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

Thou wonder of all maids, rest here!
Of daughters all the dearest deare,
The eye of virgins; nay, the queen
 Of this smooth green,
And all sweet meades from whence we get
The primrose and the violet!

Too soone, too deare, did Jephthah buy,
By thy sad losse, our liberty;
His was the bond and covenant, yet
 Thou paid'st the debt.
Lamented maid! he won the day,
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

Thy father brought with him along
The olive branch, and victor's song.
He slew the Ammonites, we know:
 But to thy woe;
And in the purchase of our peace
The cure was worse than the disease.

For which obedient zeale of thine
We offer here, before thy shrine,
Our sighs for storax, teares for wine;
 And, to make fine
And fresh thy herse-cloth, we will here
Four times bestrew thee every yeare.

Receive, for this thy praise, our teares!
Receive this offering of our haire!
Receive these christall vials, filled

With teares distilled
From teeming eyes! To these we bring,
Each maid, her silver filleting,

To guild thy tombe. Besides, these caules,
These laces, ribbands, and these faules;
These veiles, wherewith we use to hide
The bashfull bride
When we conduct her to her groome.
All, all we lay upon thy tombe!—

No more, no more, since thou art dead,
Shall we e'er bring coy brides to bed;
No more, at yearly festivalls,
We cowslip balls,
Or chaines of columbines, shall make
For this or that occasion's sake.

No, no! our maiden pleasures be
Wrapt in the winding-sheet with thee:
'Tis we are dead, though not i' th' grave;
Or if we have
One seed of life left, 'tis to keep
A Lent for thee—to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
And make this place all paradise!
May sweets grow here, and smoke from hence
Fat frankincense!
Let balme and cassia send their scent
From out thy maiden monument!

The shadows lay along Broadway
'Twas near the twilight-tide —
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
None walk'd she; but, visibly,
Walk'd spirits at her side.

Peace charm'd the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charm'd the air;
And all eyes look'd kind on her
And call'd her good and fair.
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

W. P. Willis.

May no wolfe howle, nor screech-owle stir
 A wing about thy sepulchre!
 No boysterous winds or storms come hither,
 To starve or wither
 Thy soft sweet earth; but, like a Spring,
 Love keep it ever flourishing!

May all shie maids, at wonted hours,
 Come forth to strew thy tombe with flowers!
 May virgins, when they come to mourn,
 Male incense burn
 Upon thine altar; then return,
 And leave thee sleeping in thine urn!

ROBERT HERRICK.

 UNSEEN SPIRITS.

THE shadows lay along Broadway:
 'Twas near the twilight-tide;
 And slowly there a lady fair
 Was walking in her pride.
 Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
 Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
 And Honor charmed the air;
 And all astir looked kind on her,
 And called her good as fair;
 For all God ever gave to her
 She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true ;
For her heart was cold to all but gold.
And the rich came not to woe.
But honored well are charms to sell,
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair,
A slight girl, lily-pale ;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail :
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray ;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way.
But the sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven
By man is cursed alway !

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.



THE CROOKED FOOTPATH.

Ah, here it is! the sliding rail
That marks the old remembered spot,

The gap that struck our schoolboy trail,
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church :
A pencilled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch
And ended at the farmhouse door.

No line or compass traced its plan ;
With frequent bends to left or right,
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodbine green,
The broken millstone at the sill,
Though many a rood might stretch between,
The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie,
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown ;
And yet it winds, we know not why,
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way,
With shaking knees and leaping heart ;
And so it often runs astray,
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain,
From some unholy banquet reeled ;
And since, our devious steps maintain
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus :—no earth-born will
Could ever trace a faultless line ;
Our truest steps are human still,
To walk unswerving were divine.

Truants from love, we dream of wrath ;
O, rather let us trust the more !
Through all the wanderings of the path,
We still can see our Father's door !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

INVOCATION OF SILENCE.

STILL-BORN Silence ! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart !
Offspring of a heavenly kind ;
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind ;
Secrecy's confidant, and he
Who makes religion mystery ;
Admiration's speaking'st tongue !
Leave, thy desert shades among,
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,
Where retired Devotion dwells :
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our tongues, and strike us dumb !

RICHARD FLECKNOE.

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

THIS æ nighte, this æ nighte,
 Everie nighte and alle,
Fire, and selte, and candle-lighte ;
 And Christe receive thy saule !

When thou from hence away art past,
 Everie nighte and alle,
To Whinny-muir thou comest at last ;
 And Christe receive thy saule !

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
 Everie nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on ;
 And Christe receive thy saule !

If hosen and shoon thou gavest nane,
 Everie nighte and alle,
The whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane ;
 And Christe receive thy saule !

From Whinny-muir when thou mayst passe,
 Everie nighte and alle,
To Brigg o' Dread thou comest at last ;
 And Christe receive thy saule !

From Brigg o' Dread when thou mayst passe,
 Everie nighte and alle,

To Purgatory fire thou comest at last :
And Christe receive thy saule !

If ever thou gavest meate or drinke,
Everie nighte and alle,
 The fire shall never make thee shrinke :
And Christe receive thy saule !

If meate or drinke thou gavest nane,
Everie nighte and alle,
 The fire will burne thee to the bare bane ;
And Christe receive thy saule !

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Everie nighte and alle,
 Fire, and selte, and candle-lighte ;
And Christe receive thy saule !

ANONYMOUS.

SONG.

SHE sat and sang alway
 By the green margin of a stream,
 Watching the fishes leap and play
 Beneath the glad sunbeam.

I sat and wept alway
 Beneath the moon's most shadowy beam,
 Watching the blossoms of the May
 Weep leaves into the stream.

I wept for memory ;
 She sang the hope that is so fair :
 My tears were swallowed by the sea ;
 Her songs died on the air.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face:
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace!

They pass — to toil, to strife, to rest:
To halls in which the feast is spread,
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek
With mute caresses, shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye,
Go'st thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow,
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now?
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance, till daylight gleams again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours — how slow the light;
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not;
There is who heeds, who holds them all,
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter ;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition ;
We met a host, and quelled it ;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us ;
We met them, and o'erthrew them.
They struggled hard to beat us ;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us ;
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.

He fled to his hall pillars ;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in :
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen :
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
(And much their land bemoaned them),
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them :
Ednyfed, king of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us ;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
His overthrow our chorus.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

MOTHER MARGERY.

On a bleak ridge, from whose granite edges
Sloped the rough land to the grisly north,
And whose hemlocks, clinging to the ledges,
Like a thin banditti staggered forth :
In a crouching, wormy-timbered hamlet
Mother Margery shivered in the cold,
With a tattered robe of faded camlet
On her shoulders — crooked, weak, and old !

Time on her had done his cruel pleasure ;
For her face was very dry and thin,
And the records of his growing measure
Lined and cross-lined all her shrivelled skin.
Scanty goods to her had been allotted,
Yet her thanks rose oftener than desire ;
While her bony fingers, bent and knotted,
Fed with withered twigs the dying fire.

Raw and weary were the northern winters ;
Winds howled piteously around her cot,
Or with rude sighs made the jarring splinters
Moan the misery she bemoaned not.
Drifting tempests rattled at her windows,
And hung snow-wreaths round her naked bed ;
While the wind-flaws muttered on the cinders,
Till the last spark fluttered and was dead.

Life had fresher hopes when she was younger,
But their dying wrung out no complaints ;
Chill, and penury, and neglect, and hunger,
These to Margery were guardian saints.
When she sat, her head was, prayer-like, bending ;
When she rose, it rose not any more.
Faster seemed her true heart graveward tending
Than her tired feet, weak and travel-sore.

She was mother of the dead and scattered,
Had been mother of the brave and fair ;
But her branches, bough by bough, were shattered,
Till her torn breast was left dry and bare.
Yet she knew, though sadly desolated,
When the children of the poor depart
Their earth-vestures are but sublimated,
So to gather closer in the heart.

With a courage that had never fitted
Words to speak it to the soul it blessed,
She endured, in silence and unpitied,
Woes enough to mar a stouter breast :
Thus was born such holy trust within her
That the graves of all who had been dear,
To a region clearer and serener
Raised her spirit from our chilly sphere.

They were footsteps on her Jacob's ladder ;
Angels to her were the loves and hopes
Which had left her purified, but sadder ;
And they lured her to the emerald slopes

Of that Heaven where Anguish never flashes
Her red fire-whips — happy land, where flowers
Blossom over the volcanic ashes
Of this blighting, blighted world of ours !

All her power was a love of goodness ;
All her wisdom was a mystic faith
That the rough world's jargonings and rudeness
Turn to music at the gate of Death.
So she walked, while feeble limbs allowed her,
Knowing well that any stubborn grief
She might meet with could no more than crowd her
To that wall whose opening was relief.

So she lived, an anchoress of sorrow,
Lone and peaceful, on the rocky slope ;
And, when burning trials came, would borrow
New fire of them for the lamp of hope.
When at last her palsied hand, in groping,
Rattled tremulous at the grated tomb,
Heaven flashed round her joys beyond her hoping,
And her young soul gladdened into bloom.

GEORGE SHEPHERD BURLEIGH

LOUIS XV.

THE king, with all the kingly train, had left his Pompadour behind,

And forth he rode in Senart's wood, the royal beasts of chase to find.

That day, by chance, the monarch mused; and turning suddenly away,

He struck alone into a path that far from crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play upon the brown untrodden earth;

He saw the birds around him flit, as if he were of peasant birth;

He saw the trees, that know no king but him who bears a woodland axe;

He thought not—but he looked about, like one who still in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell, and glad of human sound was he;

For, truth to say, he found himself but melancholy companie.

But that which he would ne'er have guessed before him now most plainly came:

The man upon his weary back a coffin bore of rudest frame.

“Why, who art thou?” exclaimed the king; “and what is that I see thee bear?”

“I am a laborer in the wood, and 'tis a coffin for Pierre.

Close by the royal hunting-lodge you may have often seen him toil;
But he will never work again, and I for him must dig the soil."

The laborer ne'er had seen the king, and this he thought was but
a man;

Who made at first a moment's pause, and then anew his talk began:

"I think I do remember now—he had a dark and glancing eye;
And I have seen his sturdy arm with wondrous stroke the pickaxe
ply.

"Pray tell me, friend, what accident can thus have killed our good
Pierre?"

"O, nothing more than usual, sir: he died of living upon air.

'Twas hunger killed the poor good man, who long on empty hopes
relied;

He could not pay *gabelle* and tax, and feed his children—so he
died."

The man stopped short; and then went on—"It is, you know, a
common story:

Our children's food is eaten up by courtiers, mistresses, and glory."

The king looked hard upon the man, and afterwards the coffin eyed;
Then spurred to ask, of Pompadour, how came it that the peasants
died.

JOHN STERLING.

THE STORMING OF MAGDEBURGH.

WHEN the breach was open laid,
Bold we mounted to the attack :
Five times the assault was made ;
Four times were we driven back !
But the fifth time up we strode,
O'er the dying and the dead.
Red the western sunbeams glowed,
Sinking in a blaze of red ;
Redder in the gory way
Our deep plashing footsteps sank,
As the cry of " Slay — Slay — Slay ! " —
Echoed fierce from rank to rank.
And we slew, and slew, and slew :
Slew them with un pitying sword.
Negligently could we do
The commanding of the Lord ?
Fled the coward, fought the brave,
Wept the widow, wailed the child ;
But there did not 'scape the glaive
Man that frowned, nor babe that smiled.
There were thrice ten thousand men
When that morning's sun arose ;
Lived not thrice three hundred when
Sunk that sun at evening's close.

Then we spread the wasting flame,
Fed to fury by the wind :
Of the city — but the name,
Nothing else, remained behind.
But it burned not till it gave
All it had to yield of spoil :
Should not brave soldadoes have
Some rewarding for their toil ?
What the villain sons of trade
Earned by years of toil and care,
Prostrate at our bidding laid,
In one moment won — was there.
Hall and palace, dome and tower,
Lowly cot and soaring spire,
Sank in that victorious hour
Which consigned the town to fire.
Then throughout the burning town,
'Mid the steaming heaps of dead,
Cheered by sound of hostile moan,
We the gorgeous banquet spread :
Laughing loud and quaffing long,
At our glorious labor o'er,
To the skies our jocund song
Told Magdeburgh was no more !

WILLIAM MAGINN.



THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish king,
(Hurry !)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,

And pined for the comfort his voice would bring ;
 (O ! ride as though you were flying !)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown-jewels of ruby and pearl ;
 And his Rose of the Isles is dying.

Thirty nobles saddled with speed ;
 (Hurry !)
Each one mounted a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need ;
 (O ! ride as though you were flying !)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank ;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank ;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst :
But ride as they would, the king rode first ;
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten, one by one ;
 (Hurry !)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone :
His little fair page now follows alone,
 For strength and for courage trying.
The king looked back at that faithful child :
Wan was the face that answering smiled.
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din :
Then he dropped ; and only the king rode in
 Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn ;
 (Silence !)

No answer came, but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
 Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide ;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride ;
For, dead in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
 Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The panting steed with a drooping crest
 Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast ;
 And, that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gushed forth, which he strove to check ;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck :
" O, steed, that every -nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain,
 To the halls where my love lay dying !"

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON

I GIVE MY SOLDIER-BOY A BLADE.

I GIVE my soldier-boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashioned well ;
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not ; but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid flood
In which its tempering work was done ;
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun :
For country's claim, at Honor's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At Mercy's voice to bid it fall,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
Are gone, with all their flame and noise ;
And still the gleaming sword remains :
So, when in dust I low am laid,
Remember, by these heart-felt strains,
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

THE MAHOGANY TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here :
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill.
Little care we ;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom ;
Night-birds are we.
Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit,
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.

Life is but short ;
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew
Happy as this ;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true.
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust !
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate :
Let the dog wait ;
Happy we'll be !
Drink, every one ;
Pile up the coals ;
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree !

Drain we the cup :
Friend, art afraid ?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up ;
Empty it yet ;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone !
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite !
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree !

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



THE GRACE OF SIMPLICITY.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast,
Still to be powdered, still perfumed !
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art ;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce ; for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered :
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

'Then pledged we the winecup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us!—rest; thou art weary and worn!
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

IT IS NOT BEAUTY I DEMAND.

It is not beauty I demand:

A crystal brow, the moon's despair;
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand;
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

Tell me not of your starry eyes;
Your lips, that seem on roses fed;
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies,
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed;

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks,
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours;
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers.

These are but gauds; nay, what are lips?
Corals beneath the ocean-stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer slips,
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft,
That wave hot youth to fields of blood?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or Ilium any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn,
Poison can breathe, that erst perfumed;
There's many a white hand holds an urn,
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows, there's naught within:
They are but empty cells for pride;
He who the Siren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never linked with error find;

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burdened honey-fly,
That hides his murmurs in the rose;

My earthly comforter! whose love
So indefeasible might be,
That when my spirit won above,
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

THOMAS CAREW.

THE BEGGAR'S COURAGE.

To heaven approached a Sufi saint,
From groping in the darkness late,
And, tapping timidly and faint,
Besought admission at God's gate.

Said God, "Who seeks to enter here?"
" 'T is I, dear Friend!" the saint replied,
And trembled much with hope and fear.
"If it be *thou*, without abide."

Sadly to earth the poor saint turned,
To bear the scourging of life's rods;
But aye his heart within him yearned
To mix and lose its love in God's.

He roamed alone through weary years,
By cruel men still scorned and mocked,
Until from faith's pure fires and tears
Again he rose, and modest knocked.

Asked God, "Who now is at the door?"
"It is Thyself, beloved Lord!"
Answered the saint—in doubt no more,
But clasped and rapt in his reward.

DSCHELLALEDDIN RUMI, (Persian.)

Translation of WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death —
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from humors freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend :

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall —
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
“Let us,” said He, “pour on him all we can ;
Let the world’s riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.”

So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flowed ; then wisdom, honor, pleasure.
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

“For if I should,” said He,
“Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature — not the God of Nature :
So both should losers be.

“Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness ;
Let him be rich and weary — that, at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him, to my breast.”

GEORGE HERBERT

THE HYMN OF DAMASCENUS.

FROM my lips in their defilement,
From my heart in its beguilement,
From my tongue which speaks not fair,
From my soul stained everywhere —
O my Jesus, take my prayer !

Spurn me not, for all it says :
Not for words, and not for ways,
Not for shamelessness indued !
Make me brave to speak my mood,
O my Jesus, as I would !
Or teach me, which I rather seek,
What to do and what to speak.

I have sinned more than she
Who, learning where to meet with Thee,
And bringing myrrh the highest priced,
Anointed bravely, from her knee,
Thy blessed feet accordingly —
My God, my Lord, my Christ !
As Thou saidest not "Depart !" —
To that suppliant from her heart,
Scorn me not, O Word, that art
The gentlest one of all words said !
But give Thy feet to me instead,

That tenderly I may them kiss,
And clasp them close; and never miss,
With over-dropping tears, as free
And precious as that myrrh could be,
T' anoint them bravely from my knee!

Wash me with thy tears! draw nigh me,
That their salt may purify me!
Then remit my sins, who knowest
All the sinning, to the lowest —
Knowest all my wounds, and seest
All the stripes Thyself decreest.
Yea, but knowest all my faith,
Seest all my force to death,
Hearest all my wailings low
That mine evil should be so!
Nothing hidden but appears
In Thy knowledge, O Divine,
O Creator, Saviour mine! —
Not a drop of falling tears,
Not a breath of inward moan,
Not a heart-beat — which is gone!

ST. JOANNES DAMASCENUS. (Greek.)

Translation of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A THANKSGIVING.

LORD, for the erring thought
Not unto evil wrought ;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still ;
For the heart from itself kept :
Our Thanksgiving accept !

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer ;
For pain, death, sorrow — sent
Unto our chastisement ;
For all loss of seeming good :
Quicken our gratitude !

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device —
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath :

And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue —
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan —
Excelsior !

“ Try not the pass ! ” the old man said :
“ Dark lowers the tempest overhead ;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide ! ”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

“ O stay ! ” the maiden said, “ and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast ! ”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

“ Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche ! ”
This was the peasant’s last good-night ;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard

Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device —
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star —
Excelsior!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat, that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song:

What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,

Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet ;
But apples — plants of such a price
No tree could ever bear them twice !
With cedars, chosen by His hand
From Lebanon, He stores the land ;
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound His name.
O ! let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault ;
Which then, perhaps rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.

Thus sang they, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note ;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL.



THE SINGERS.

God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,

That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred, with accents deep and loud,
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be ;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree ;
I gave a various gift to each :
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might ;
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE MARINER'S WIFE.

AND are ye sure the news is true?

And are ye sure he's weel?

Is this a time to talk o' wark?

Ye jades, fling by your wheel!

For there's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck ava;

There's little pleasure in the house

When our gudeman's awa'.

Is this a time to think o' wark,

When Colin's at the door?

Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay,

And see him come ashore.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,

Put on the muckle pot,

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,

And Jock his Sunday coat;

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,

Their hose as white as snaw;

It's a' to please my ain gudeman,

He likes to see them braw.

There's twa fat hens into the crib,

Been fed this month and mair;

Mak haste and thra their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.

And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw ;
It's a' for love of my gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.

O gie me down my bigonet,
My bishop-satin gown,
And rin and tell the baillie's wife,
That Colin's come to town.

My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air !
His very foot has music in't,
When he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought :
In troth I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind
That thrilled through my heart,

They're a' blawn by; I hae him safe:
Till death we'll never part.

But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa':
The present moment is our ain;
The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content:
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought:
In troth I'm like to greet.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.





TIBBIE.

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day
Ye wadna been sae shy!
For laik o' gear ye lightly me;
But, trowth, I carena by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor:
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure.
Ye geck at me because I 'm poor;
But fient a hair care I.

I doubtna, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try ;

But sorrow tak him that 's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
 That looks sae proud and high.

Although a lad were ne'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt
Ye 'll cast your head anither airt,
 And answer him fu' dry ;

But if he hae the name o' gear
Ye 'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,
 Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie lass, tak my advice :
Your daddy's gear maks you sae nice ;
The deil a ane wad spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wadna gie her in her sark
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark —
 Ye needna look sae high !

*O Tibbie, I hae seen the day
Ye wadna been sae shy!
For laik o' gear ye lightly me;
But, trowth, I carena by.*

ROBERT BURNS.

WHEN THE SULTAN GOES TO ISPAHAN.

WHEN the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan,
Even before he gets so far
As the place where the clustered palm-trees are,
At the last of the thirty palace gates,
The pet of the harem, Rose-in-Bloom,
Orders a feast in his favorite room:
Glittering squares of colored ice,
Sweetened with syrup, tinctured with spice;
Creams, and cordials, and sugared dates;
Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,
Limes, and citrons, and apricots;
And wines that are known to Eastern princes.
And Nubian slaves, with smoking pots
Of spiced meats and costliest fish,
And all that the curious palate could wish,
Pass in and out of the cedarn doors.
Scattered over mosaic floors
Are anemones, myrtles, and violets;
And a musical fountain throws its jets
Of a hundred colors into the air.
The dusk Sultana loosens her hair,

And stains with the henna-plant the tips
Of her pearly nails, and bites her lips
Till they bloom again; but alas, *that* rose
Not for the Sultan buds and blows!
Not for the Sultan Shah-Zaman
When he goes to the city Ispahan.

Then, at a wave of her sunny hand,
The dancing-girls of Samarcand
Float in like mists from Fairy-land!
And to the low voluptuous swoons
Of music rise and fall the moons
Of their full, brown bosoms. Orient blood
Runs in their veins, shines in their eyes;
And there in this Eastern paradise,
Filled with the fumes of sandal-wood,
And Khoten musk, and aloes and myrrh,
Sits Rose-in-Bloom on a silk divan,
Sipping the wines of Astrakhan;
And her Arab lover sits with her.
That 's when the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan.

Now, when I see an extra light
Flaming, flickering on the night,
From my neighbor's casement opposite,
I know as well as I know to pray,
I know as well as a tongue can say,
That the innocent Sultan Shah-Zaman
Has gone to the city Ispahan.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE ANGEL.

I DREAMED a dream — what can it mean ?
And that I was a maiden queen,
Guarded by an Angel mild :
Witless woe, was ne'er beguiled !

And I wept both night and day,
And he wiped my tears away ;
And I wept both day and night,
And hid from him my heart's delight.

So he took his wings and fled.
Then the morn blushed rosy red ;
I dried my tears, and armed my fears
With ten thousand shields and spears.

Soon my Angel came again :
I was armed — he came in vain ;
For the time of youth was fled,
And gray hairs were on my head.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

7
Then the king exclaimed, 'This is for me !
And he dashed out his sword on the hilt,
While his blue eye shot fire openly
And his heart overboiled till it spilt.
A hot prayer, - 'God, the rest as thou wilt !
' But grant me this - this is for me ! '

8
O Victor Emmanuel the King,
The sword be for thee, and the deed,
And might for the alien, next spring,
Might for Hapsburg and Bourbon agreed,
But for us, a great Italy freed,
With a hero to head us, - our King !

Elizabeth Barrett Browning,

*Qu. "hand"? -- as in two later editions. --- J W P

MY LADY SINGING.

SHE whom this heart must ever hold most dear
(This heart in happy bondage held so long)
Began to sing. At first a gentle fear
Rosied her countenance — for she is young,
And he who loves her most of all was near;
But when at last her voice grew full and strong,
O, from their ambush sweet, how rich and clear
Bubbled the notes abroad — a rapturous throng!
Her little hands were sometimes flung apart,
And sometimes palm to palm together prest,
Whilst wave-like blushes, rising from her breast,
Kept time with that aerial melody,
As music to the sight! — I, standing nigh,
Received the falling fountain in my heart.

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE SWORD OF CASTRUCCIO CASTRUCANI.

“ Questa è per me.”

WHEN Victor Emmanuel, the king,
Went down to his Lucca that day,
The people, each vaunting the thing
As he gave it, gave all things away
In a burst of fierce gratitude, say —
As they tore out their hearts for the king:

Gave the green forest-walk on the wall,
With the Appenine blue through the trees—
Gave palaces, churches, and all
The great pictures which burn out of these.
But the eyes of the king seemed to freeze,
As he glanced upon ceiling and wall.

“Good!” said the king as he past.
Was he cold to the arts?—or else coy
To possession?—or crossed at the last,
Whispered some, by the vote in Savoy?
Shout!—Love him enough for his joy!
“Good!” said the king as he past.

He, travelling the whole day through flowers
And protesting amenities, found
At Pistoia, betwixt the two showers
Of red roses, “the Orphans” (renowned
As the heirs of Puccini), who wound
With a sword through the crowd and the flowers.

“’T is the sword of Castruccio, O king!
In old strife of intestinal hate
Very famous. Accept what we bring—
We, who cannot be sons by our fate,
Rendered citizens by thee of late,
And endowed with a country and king.

“Read:—Puccini has willed that this sword
(Which once made, in an ignorant feud,
Many orphans) remain in our ward

Till some patriot its pure civic blood
 Wipe away in the foe's and make good,
 In delivering the land by the sword."

Then the king exclaimed, "This is for me!"
 And he dashed out his sword on the hilt,
 While his blue eye shot fire openly,
 And his heart overboiled till it spilt
 A hot prayer: "God! the rest as Thou wilt!
 But grant me this — this is for *me*!"

O Victor Emmanuel the king!
 The sword be for thee, and the deed!
 And nought for the alien, next Spring,
 Nought for Hapsburg and Bourbon agreed;
 But for us, a great Italy freed,
 With a hero to head us — our King!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SONG OF ARIEL.

FULL fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes;
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Hark! now I hear them — ding, dong, bell!

SHAKSPEARE

THE PARTING LOVERS.

SHE says, The cock crows — hark !
He says, No ! still 't is dark.

She says, The dawn grows bright ;
He says, O no, my Light !

She says, Stand up ! and say,
Gets not the heaven gray ?

He says, The morning star
Climbs the horizon's bar.

She says, Then quick depart :
Alas ! you now must start.

But give the cock a blow
Who did begin our woe !

ANONYMOUS, (Chinese.)

Translation of WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE, upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore,

While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
 Rapping at my chamber door:
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered,
 " Tapping at my chamber door ;
 Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember!
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
 Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow ;
Vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow,
 Sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden
 Whom the angels name Lenore :
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic
 Terrors never felt before ;
So that now, to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating
" 'Tis some visitor entreating
 Entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating
 Entrance at my chamber door :
 This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger ;
Hesitating then no longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly
Your forgiveness I implore ;
But the fact is I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you :”
Here I opened wide the door :
Darkness there, and nothing more !

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
Ever dared to dream before ;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken
Was the whispered word “Lenore !”
This I whispered, and an echo
Murmured back the word “Lenore !”
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping,
Somewhat louder than before :
“Surely,” said I, “surely that is
Something at my window lattice ;
Let me see, then, what thereat is,

And this mystery explore ;
Let my heart be still a moment,
And this mystery explore :
'Tis the wind, and nothing more !”

Open here I flung the shutter,
When, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven
Of the saintly days of yore ;
Not the least obeisance made he,
Not an instant stopped or stayed he ;
But, with mien of lord or lady,
Perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door :
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling
My sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum
Of the countenance it wore,
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven,
Wandering from the Nightly shore ;
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the Night’s Plutonian shore !”
Quoth the raven “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly
Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning,
Little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing
That no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing
Bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured
Bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely
On the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in
That one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered,
Not a feather then he fluttered;
Till I scarcely more than muttered,
"Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow he will leave me,
As my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken
By reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters
Is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master,
Whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster,
Till his songs one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope the

Melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never — nevermore.' ”

But the raven still beguiling
All my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
 Front of bird, and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking,
I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking
 What this ominous bird of yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
 Gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now
 Burned into my bosom's core;
This, and more, I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining
 That the lamplight gloated o'er;
But whose velvet violet lining,
 With the lamplight gloating o'er,
 She shall press — ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
Perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by angels, whose faint footfalls
 Tinkled on the tufted floor.

“Wretch!” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee,
By these angels he hath sent thee,
Respite — respite and nepenthe
From thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe,
And forget this lost Lenore!”
Quoth the raven “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!
Prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether
Tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted,
On this desert land enchanted,
On this home by Horror haunted,
Tell me truly, I implore:
Is there, is there balm in Gilead?
Tell me — tell me, I implore!”
Quoth the raven “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!
Prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us
By that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden
If, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore,
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore.”
Quoth the raven “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting,
Bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting;
“Get thee back into the tempest
And the Night’s Plutonian shore
Leave no black plume as a token
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!
Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart,
And take thy form from off my door!”
Quoth the raven “Nevermore.”

And the raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon’s that is dreaming,
And the lamplight, o’er him streaming,
Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.



THE SABBATH MORNING.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still.
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne ;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,

And Echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn ;
The sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath morn !
The rooks float silent by, in airy drove ;
The sky a placid yellow lustre throws ;
The gales, that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose ;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move :
So soft the day when the first morn arose.

JOHN LEYDEN.



SONNET: ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide ;
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide —
“ Doth God exact day-labor, light denied ? ”
I fondly ask ; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies : “ God doth not need
Either man’s work, or his own gift ; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

JOHN MILTON.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast : to keep
 The larder lean,
 And clean
From fat of veals and sheep ?

Is it to quit the dish
 Of flesh, yet still
 To fill
The platter high with fish ?

Is it to fast an hour ?
 Or ragged to go ?
 Or show
A downcast look, and sour ?

No ! 't is a fast to dole
 Thy sheaf of wheat,
 And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
 From old debate
 And hate —
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent :
To starve thy sin,
Not bin —
And that 's to keep thy lent.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE EMIGRANTS.

I CANNOT take my eyes away
From you, ye busy, bustling band !
Your little all to see you lay,
Each, in the waiting seaman's hand.

Ye men, who from your necks set down
The heavy basket on the earth,
Of bread from German corn, baked brown
By German wives on German hearth !

And you, with braided queues so neat,
Black-Forest maidens, slim and brown,
How careful on the sloop's green seat
You set your pails and pitchers down !

Alh ! oft have home's cool, shady tanks
These pails and pitchers filled for you !
On far Missouri's silent banks
Shall these the scenes of home renew :

The stone-rimmed fount in village street,
That, as ye stooped, betrayed your smiles ;

The hearth, and its familiar seat ;
The mantel and the pictured tiles.

Soon, in the far and wooded West,
Shall log-house walls therewith be graced ;
Soon many a tired, tawny guest
Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.



From them shall drink the Cherokee,
Faint with the hot and dusty chase .

No more from German vintage ye
Shall bear them home, in leaf-crowned grace.

O say, why seek ye other lands?
The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn;
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands;
In Spessart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

Ah! in strange forests how ye 'll yearn
For the green mountains of your home—
To Deutschland's yellow wheat-fields turn,
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam!

How will the form of days grown pale
In golden dreams float softly by!
Like some unearthly, mystic tale,
'T will stand before fond memory's eye.

The boatman calls!—Go hence in peace!
God bless ye, man and wife and sire!
Bless all your fields with rich increase,
And crown each true heart's pure desire!

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH. (German.)

Translation of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

SONG OF FAIRIES.

WE the fairies, blithe and antic,
Of dimensions not gigantic,
Though the moonshine mostly keep us,
Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter;
Stolen kisses much completer;
Stolen looks are nice in chapels:
Stolen, stolen be your apples.

When to bed the world are bobbing,
Then 's the time for orchard-robbing;
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling
Were it not for stealing, stealing.

THOMAS RANDOLPH. (Latir.)

Translation of LEIGH HUNT.

SIR PETER.

IN his last bin Sir Peter lies,
Who knew not what it was to frown;
Death took him mellow, by surprise,
And in his cellar stopped him down.
Through all our land we could not boast
A knight more gay, more prompt than he
To rise and fill a bumper toast,
And pass it round with "Three times Three!"

None better knew the feast to sway,
Or keep mirth's boat in better trim;
For Nature had but little clay
Like that of which she moulded him.
The meanest guest that graced his board
Was there the freest of the free,
His bumper toast when Peter poured
And passed it round with "Three times Three!"

He kept at true good humor's mark
The social flow of pleasure's tide;
He never made a brow look dark,
Nor caused a tear but when he died.
No sorrow round his tomb should dwell:
More pleased his gay old ghost would be,
For funeral song and passing bell,
To hear no sound but "Three times Three!"
THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

ARMSTRONG'S GOOD-NIGHT.

THIS night is my departing night,
For here nae langer must I stay;
There 's neither friend nor foe o' mine
But wishes me away.

What I have done thro' lack o' wit
I never, never can recall.
I hope ye 're a' my friends as yet:
Good-night! And joy be wi' you all!

ANONYMOUS.

THE SENTRY.

My heart, my heart is weary ;
 Yet merrily beams the May,
And I lean against the linden,
 High up on the terrace gray.

The town-moat far below me
 Runs silent and sad and blue ;
A boy in a boat floats o'er it,
 Still fishing and whistling too.

And a beautiful varied picture
 Spreads out beyond the flood :
Fair houses, and gardens, and people,
 And cattle, and meadow, and wood.

Young maidens are bleaching the linen :
 They laugh as they go and come ;
And the mill-wheel is dripping with diamonds —
 I list to its far-away hum.

And high on yon old gray castle
 A sentry-box peeps o'er,
While a young red-coated soldier
 Is pacing beside the door.

He handles his shining musket,
Which gleams in the sunlight red;
He halts, he presents, he shoulders -
I wish that he 'd shoot me dead!

HEINRICH HEINE. (German.)

Translation of CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

THE world is too much with us : late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Little we see in nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away — a sordid boon !
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers —
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not. — Great God ! I 'd rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn —
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



SONG.

PACK, clouds, away ! and welcome, day !
With night we banish sorrow ;

Sweet air, blow soft ! mount, lark, aloft !
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I 'll borrow ;
Bird, prune thy wing ! nightingale, sing !
To give my love good-morrow :
To give my love good-morrow
Notes from them all I 'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast !
Sing, birds, in every furrow !
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow :
You pretty elves, among yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow !
To give my love good-morrow
Sing, birds, in every furrow !

THOMAS HEYWOOD

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

SONG.

THE lark now leaves his watery nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings :
He takes this window for the east,
And, to implore your light, he sings.
Awake ! awake ! — the Morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake! — break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

JO IDEJE LEMENT A NAP.

ALL the earth is wrapped in shadows,
And the dews have drenched the meadows,
And the moon has ta'en her station,
And the midnight rules creation.
Where is my beloved staying?
In her chamber, kneeling, praying.
Is she praying for her lover?
Then her heart is flowing over.
My beloved! is she keeping
Watch, or is she sweetly sleeping?
If she dream, her dreams are surely
Of the one she loves so purely.
If she sleep not, if she pray not,
If to listening ear she say naught —
Thought with thought in silence linking,
O, I know of whom she's thinking!
Think, O think of me, sweet angel,
Rose of life, and love's evangel!

All the thoughts that melt or move thee
Are like stars that shine above thee ;
And while shining, to the centre
Of thy spirit's spirit enter,
And there light a flame supernal —
Like eternal love, eternal.

ALEXANDER PETÖFI. (Hungarian.)

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.



ECHO AND SILENCE.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
As mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,
Through glens untrod and woods that frowned on high,
Two sleeping nymphs, with wonder mute, I spy :
And lo ! she 's gone — in robe of dark green hue,
'T was Echo from her sister Silence flew ;
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky.
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
Not so her sister — hark ! for onward still,
With far-heard step, she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill :
Ah ! mark the merry maid, in mockful play,
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill !

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

THE SABBATH.

FRESH glides the brook, and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill !
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still !

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of want may be :
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain —
A God hath made thee free !

Ah ! tender was the law that gave
This holy respite to the breast —
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know the wheel may rest !

But where the waves the gentlest glide
What image charms, to lift thine eyes ?
The spire reflected on the tide
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth
This rest from mortal toils is given :
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass — a guest to heaven !

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of power from old dominion hurled,
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since time itself began,
That fable hath but fooled the hour;
Each age that ripens power in man
But subjects man to power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known:
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased
When God proclaims His own!

Six days may rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet-hall!
The seventh the Father opes the door,
And holds His feast for all!

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;



Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific ; and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

THE MAKING OF MAN.

BEFORE the beginning of years
 There came to the making of man,
Time, with a gift of tears ;
 Grief, with a glass that ran ;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven ;
 Summer, with flowers that fell ;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven,
 And madness, risen from hell ;
Strength, without hands to smite ;
 Love, that endures for a breath ;
Night, the shadow of light,
 And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
 Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
 From under the feet of the years ;
And froth and drift of the sea ;
 And dust of the laboring earth ;
And bodies of things to be
 In the houses of death and of birth ;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
 And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
 And death beneath and above,

For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span,
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife ;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life ;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin ;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty, and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire ;
With his lips he travaileth ;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death ;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision ;
Sows, and he shall not reap ;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



CALM IS THE NIGHT.

CALM is the night, and the city is sleeping.
Once in this house dwelt a lady fair ;
Long, long ago, she left it, weeping —
But still the old house is standing there.

Yonder a man at the heavens is staring,
Wringing his hands as in sorrowful case ;

He turns to the moonlight, his countenance baring —
O Heaven! he shows me my own sad face!

Shadowy form, with my own agreeing!
Why mockest thou thus, in the moonlight cold,
The sorrows which here once vexed my being,
Many a night in the days of old?

HEINRICH HEINE. (German.)

Translation of CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

IF I DESIRE WITH PLEASANT SONGS.

If I desire with pleasant songs
To throw a merry hour away,
Comes Love unto me, and my wrongs
In careful tale he doth display,
And asks me how I stand for singing
While I my helpless hands am wringing.

And then another time, if I
A noon in shady bower would pass,
Comes he with stealthy gesture sly,
And flinging down upon the grass,
Quoth he to me: My master dear,
Think of this noontide such a year!

And if elsewhere I lay my head
On pillow, with intent to sleep,

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

Lies Love beside me on the bed,
And gives me ancient words to keep;
Says he: These looks, these tokens, number —
May be, they'll help you to a slumber!

So every time when I would yield
An hour to quiet, comes he still,
And hunts up every sign concealed,
And every outward sign of ill;
And gives me his sad face's pleasures
For merriment's, or sleep's, or leisure's.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

COULD we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills, and meadows low —
Ah! if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil
Aught of that country could we surely know —
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us,
With one rapt moment given to see and hear —
Ah! who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely ;
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only —
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure ?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

NEARER TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !

Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;

174 THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise :
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly —
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee !

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three :
“ Pull ! if ye never pulled before ;
Good ringers, pull your best ! ” quoth hee.

“ Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !
 Ply all your changes, all your swells !
 Play uppe ‘ The Brides of Enderby ! ’ ”

Men say it was a stolen tyde —
 The Lord that sent it, He knows all ;
 But in myne ears doth still abide
 The message that the bells let fall ;
 And there was nought of strange, beside
 The flights of mewes and peewits pied,
 By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and span within the doore ;
 My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes :
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,
 Lay sinking in the barren skies ;
 And, dark against day’s golden death,
 She moved where Lindis wandereth —
 My sonne’s faire wife, Elizabeth.

“ Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha ! ” calling,
 Ere the early dewes were falling,
 Farre away I heard her song.
 “ Cusha ! Cusha ! ” all along ;
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 Faintly came her milking song.

“ Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha ! ” calling,
 “ For the dewes will soone be falling ;

Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow !
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow !
 Come uppe, Whitefoot ! come uppe, Lightfoot !
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow !
 Come uppe, Jetty ! rise and follow :
 From the clovers lift your head !
 Come uppe, Whitefoot ! come uppe, Lightfoot !
 Come uppe, Jetty ! rise and follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed ! ”

If it be long—ay, long ago—
 When I beginne to think howe long
 Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong ;
 And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
 Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
 That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadowe mote be seene,
 Save where, full fyve good miles away,
 The steeple towered from out the greene.
 And lo ! the great bell farre and wide
 Was heard in all the country side,
 That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds, where their sedges are,
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath ;
 The shepherde-lads I heard afarre,

And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth ;
Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,
Came downe that kyndly message free,
"The Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows:
They sayde, "And why should this thing be ?
What danger lowers by land or sea,
They ring the tune of Enderby ?

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down —
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne ;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby ?'"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main ;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again :
"Elizabeth ! Elizabeth !"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea-wall (he cryed) is downe !

The rising tide comes on apace ;
 And boats, adrift in yonder towne,
 Go sailing uppe the market-place ! ”
 He shook as one that looks on death :
 “ God save you, mother ! ” straight he sayth ;
 “ Where is my wife, Elizabeth ? ”

“ Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
 With her two bairns I marked her long ;
 And ere yon bells beganne to play,
 Afar I heard her milking song.”
 He looked across the grassy sea,
 To right, to left : “ Ho, Enderby ! ”
 They rang “ The Brides of Enderby ! ”

With that he cried and beat his breast ;
 For lo ! along the river’s bed
 A mighty eygre reared his crest,
 And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
 It swept with thunderous noises loud —
 Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
 Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
 Shook all her trembling bankes amaine ;
 Then madly at the eygre’s breast
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
 Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout —
 Then beaten foam flew round about —
 Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast, the eygre drave,
 The heart had hardly time to beat
 Before a shallow seething wave
 Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet :
 The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it brake against the knee —
 And all the world was in the sea !

Upon the rooffe we sate that night ;
 The noise of bells went sweeping by ;
 I marked the lofty beacon-light
 Stream from the church tower, red and high —
 A lurid mark, and dread to see ;
 And awsome bells they were to mee,
 That in the dark rang “Enderby.”

They rang the sailor-lads to guide,
 From rooffe to rooffe who fearless rowed ;
 And I — my sonne was at my sidè,
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed ;
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
 “O come in life, or come in death !
 O lost ! my love, Elizabeth.”

And didst thou visit him no more ?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare !
 The waters laid thee at his doore
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear :
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,
 Downe-drifted to thy dwelling-place !

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea —
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !

To manye more than myne and mee ;
 But each will mourn his own (she sayth),
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
 By the reedy Lindis shore,
 "Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,
 Ere the early dewes be falling ;
 I shall never hear her song,
 "Cusha ! Cusha !" all along,
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth,
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 When the water, winding down,
 Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more,
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver,
 Stand beside the sobbing river —
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
 To the sandy lonesome shore ;
 I shall never hear her calling,
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow.
 Mellow, mellow !
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow !
 Come uppe, Whitefoot ! come uppe, Lightfoot !

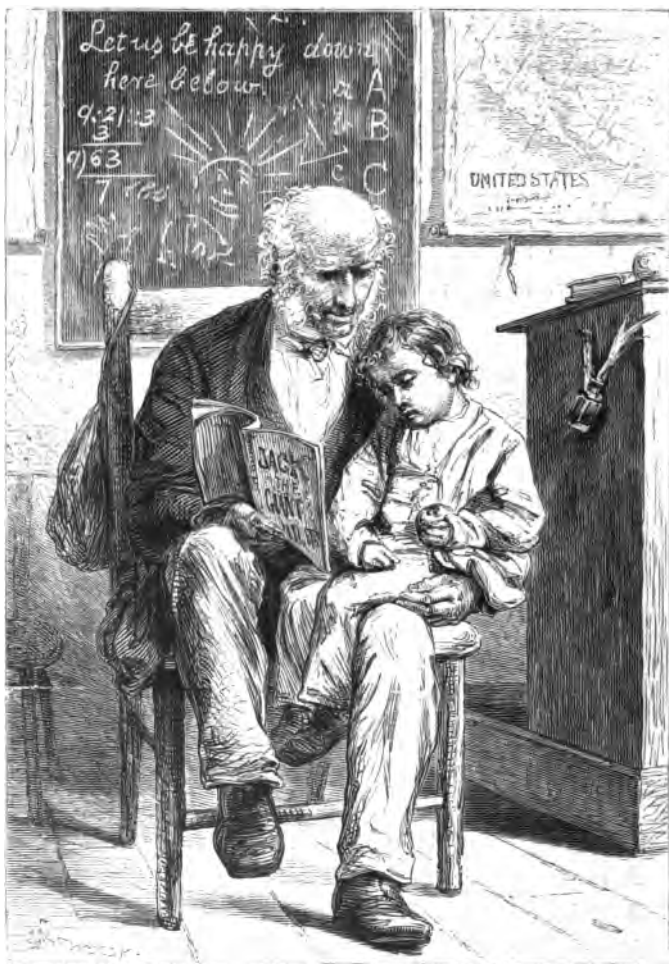
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow !
Come uppe, Lightfoot ! rise and follow,
Lightfoot, Whitefoot :
From your clovers lift the head !
Come uppe, Jetty ! follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed ! ”

JEAN INGELOW.

COME, SLEEP, O SLEEP!

COME, Sleep, O Sleep ! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe ;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release ;
The indifferent judge between the high and low !
With shield of proof, shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts despair doth at me throw.
O ! make in me those civil wars to cease :
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland and a weary head ;
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.



THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

'T WAS a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry ;

His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was as white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye ;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
“ Let us be happy down here below ;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,”
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history, too ;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew :
“ Learn while you ’re young,” he often said,
“ There is much to enjoy, down here below ;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead !”
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones ;
The rod was hardly known in his school . . .
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones ;
Beside, it was painful, he sometimes said :
“ We should make life pleasant, down here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,”
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door ;

His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass:
This was the finest pleasure, he said,
Of the many he tasted, here below;
"Who has no cronies, had better be dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry, from cellar to tiles:
"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
"I have lingered a long while, here below;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
Every night when the sun went down,

While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving his tenderest kisses there,

On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown :
And, feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said,

'T was a glorious world, down here below ;
" Why wait for happiness till we are dead ? "

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,

After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,

While the odorous night-wind whispered, " Rest ! "
Gently, gently, he bowed his head . . .

There were angels waiting for him, I know ;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago !

GEORGE ARNOLD.



Birds are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
And I hang my cage there daily.
But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long;
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of song!

P. H. Stoddard,

CAUGHT!

BIRDS are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
And I hang my cage there daily,
But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long;
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of song!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

A DEDICATION.

THE sea gives her shells to the shingle,
The earth gives her streams to the sea;
They are many, but my gift is single —
My verses, the first-fruits of me.
Let the wind take the green and the gray leaf,
Cast forth without fruit upon air —
Take rose-leaf and vine-leaf and bay-leaf,
Blown loose from the hair.

The night shakes them round me in legions,
Dawn drives them before her like dreams;
Time sheds them like snows on strange regions,
Swept shoreward on infinite streams:

Leaves pallid and sombre and ruddy,
Dead fruits of the fugitive years —
Some stained as with wine and made bloody,
And some as with tears ;

Some scattered in seven years' traces,
As they fell from the boy that was then —
Long left among idle green places,
Or gathered but now among men :
On seas full of wonder and peril,
Blown white round the capes of the north :
Or in islands where myrtles are sterile,
And loves bring not forth.

O daughters of dreams, and of stories
That life is not wearied of yet,
Faustine, Fragoletta, Dolores,
Félise and Yolande and Juliette !
Shall I find you not still, shall I miss you,
When sleep, that is true or that seems,
Comes back to me, hopeless to kiss you,
O daughters of dreams ?

They are past as a slumber that passes,
As the dew of a dawn of old time —
More frail than the shadows on glasses,
More fleet than a wave or a rhyme.
As the waves after ebb drawing seaward,
When their hollows are full of the night,
So the birds that flew singing to me-ward
Recede out of sight :

The songs of dead seasons, that wander
On wings of articulate words —
Lost leaves, that the shore-wind may squander —
Light flocks of untamable birds ;
Some sang to me — dreaming in class-time,
And truant in hand as in tongue ;
For the youngest were born of boy's pastime,
The eldest are young.

Is there shelter while life in them lingers,
Is there hearing for songs that recede ? —
Tunes touched from a harp with man's fingers,
Or blown with boy's mouth in a reed ?
Is there place in the land of your labor ?
Is there room in your world of delight,
Where change has not sorrow for neighbor,
And day has not night ?

In their wings though the sea-wind yet quivers,
Will you spare not a space for them there,
Made green with the running of rivers
And gracious with temperate air ? —
In the fields and the turreted cities,
That cover from sunshine and rain
Fair passions and bountiful pities
And loves without stain ?

In a land of clear colors and stories,
In a region of shadowless hours,
Where earth has a garment of glories
And a murmur of musical flowers —

In woods where the spring half uncovers
The flush of her amorous face,
By the waters that listen for lovers —
For these is there place ?

For the song-birds of sorrow, that muffle
Their music as clouds do their fire ?
For the storm-birds of passion, that ruffle
Wild wings in a wind of desire ?
In the stream of the storm as it settles
Blown seaward, borne far from the sun —
Shaken loose on the darkness, like petals
Dropt one after one ?

Though the world of your hands be more gracious
And lovelier, in lordship of things
Clothed round by sweet Art with the spacious
Warm heaven of her imminent wings,
Let them enter, unfledged and nigh fainting,
For the love of old loves and lost times ;
And receive in your palace of painting
This revel of rhymes.

Though the seasons of man, full of losses,
Make empty the years full of youth,
If but one thing be constant in crosses,
Change lays not her hand upon truth ;
Hopes die, and their tombs are for token
That the grief, as the joy of them, ends
Ere Time, that breaks all men, has broken
The faith between friends.

Though the many lights dwindle to one light,
There is help if the heaven has one ;
Though the skies be discrowned of the sunlight,
And the earth dispossessed of the sun,
They have moonlight and sleep for repayment,
When, refreshed as a bride and set free,
With stars and sea-winds in her raiment,
Night sinks on the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE LAST POET.

“WHEN will your bards be weary
Of rhyming on ? How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song ?

“Is it not long since empty,
The horn of full supply ?
And all the posies gathered,
And all the fountains dry ?”

As long as the sun's chariot
Yet keeps its azure track,
And but one human visage
Gives answering glances back ;

As long as skies shall nourish
The thunderbolt and gale,
And, frightened at their fury,
One throbbing heart shall quail,

As long as after tempests
Shall spring one showery bow,
One breast with peaceful promise
And reconciliation glow ;

As long as night the concave
Sows with its starry seed,
And but one man those letters
Of golden writ can read ;

Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
Or bosom sighs a vow ;
Long as the wood-leaves rustle
To cool a weary brow ;

As long as roses blossom,
And earth is green in May :
As long as eyes shall sparkle
And smile in pleasure's ray .

As long as cypress shadows
The graves more mournful make,
Or one cheek's wet with weeping,
Or one poor heart can break :

So long on earth shall wander
The goddess Poesy ;
And, with her, one exulting
Her votarist to be.

And singing on, triumphing,
The old earth-mansion through,
Out marches the last minstrel !
He is the last man too.

The Lord holds the creation
Forth in his hand meanwhile.
Like a fresh flower just opened,
And views it with a smile.

When once this Flower Giant
Begins to show decay,
And earths and suns are flying
Like blossom-dust away,

Then ask — if of the question
Not weary yet — “ How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song ? ”

ANTON ALEXANDER VON AUERSPERG. (German.)

Translation of NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM.

THE END.

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